1609/5845.

THE

WINTER's TALE.

A COMEDY.

By W. SHAKESPEAR.

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1609/5845.

The WINTER's TALE *.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
Polixenes, *King of Bithynia* †.
Mamillius, *young Prince of Sicilia.*
Florizel, *Prince of Bithynia.*
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion, } *Sicilian Lords.*
Another Sicilian Lord.
Archidamus, *a Bithynian Lord.*
Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
An attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a court of judicature.
Old shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old shepherd.
Autolicus, *a rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*
Perdita, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
Paulina, *wife to Antigonus.*
Æmilia, *attendant on the Queen.*
Two other Ladies.
Mopsa, Dorcas, } *shepherdesses.*

Satyrs for a dance, shepherds, shepherdesses, guards, and attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bithynia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antichamber in Leontes's palace.

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

Arch. IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bithynia on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot; you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bithynia and your Sicilia.

Cam.

* The plot taken from the old story-book of *Dorastus* and *Faunia.*

† The country here called *Bithynia*, hath in former editions been printed *Bohemia*, an inland kingdom situated nearly in the centre of Europe; whereas many of the great incidents of the play turn upon its being a maritime country, of which Polixenes was the King.

Cam. I think this coming ſummer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bithynia the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence——in ſo rare——I know not what to ſay——we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to Bithynia; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted between them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies, that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embrace'd, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves!——

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamilius: it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed phyſics the ſubject,

This is a blunder and an abſurdity of which Shakeſpear in juſtice ought not to be thought capable: and as he hath turned quite anew the ſtory contained in the old paltry book of *Doraſtus* and *Faunia*, changing moſt of the main circumſtances, and all the names of the perſons; it is probable he removed this impropriety, and placed the ſcene in *Bithynia*, which the ignorance and negligence of the firſt tranſcribers or printers might corrupt, and bring back again to *Bohemia*, by a leſs variation in the letters than they have been guilty of in numberleſs other places of this work.

makes

makes old hearts freſh: they that went on crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the King had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one.

SCENE II. *Opens to the preſence.*

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry ſtar hath been
(The ſhepherd's note *) ſince we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply
With one *We thank you*, many thouſands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
I'm queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our abſence; may there blow
No ſneaping winds at home, to make us ſay,
"This is put forth too truly." Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One ſev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world,
So ſoon as your's could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs

* *i. e.* I uſe the ſhepherd's reckoning.

Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen, ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You'ad drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure,
All in Bithynia's well: this ſatisfaction
The bygone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong;
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay;
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.
Yet of your royal preſence I'll adventure [*To* Pol.
The borrow of a week. When at Bithynia
You take my Lord, I'll give you my commiſſion,
To let him there a month, behind the geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' th' clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t'unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, "Sir, no going: *verily*,
"You ſhall not go;" a Lady's *verily* is
As potent as a Lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt? ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, Madam.
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hoſteſs; come, I'll queſtion you
Of my Lord's tricks, and your's, when ye were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my Lord
The verier wag o' th' two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i' th' ſun
And bleat the one at th' other: what we change'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; th' impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours *.
Her. By this we gather
You have tript ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's: for
In thoſe unfledge'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had not then croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on;
Th' offences we have made you do we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not,
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay my Lord.
Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

* *i. e.* ſetting aſide *original ſin*; bating the impoſition from the offence of our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our innocence to heaven.

Her.

Her. Never?
Leon. Never but once.
Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre, but to the goal *.
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me hav't; I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſow'rd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter
"I am your's for ever."
Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've ſpoke to the purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
Th' other, for ſome while a friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot ——— [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me—— my heart dances;
But not for joy—not joy.——This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer †; Oh, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

* *i. e.* good uſage will wi[n] us to any thing; but, with ill, we ſtop ſhort, even there where both our intereſt and our inclination would otherwiſe have carried us.

† A leſſon upon the horn at the death of the deer.

Leo.

Leo. I'fecks! [noſe?
Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captain;
[*Wipes the boy's face.*
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat.* Still virginalling
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm? —— How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have,
To be full like me. —— Yet they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs: women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing; but they were falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks *, as winds, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, ſweet villain,
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop—can thy dam—may't be—
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' centre.
Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams—(how can this be?)
With what's unreal, thou co-active art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And that beyond commiſſion; and I find it;
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hard'ning of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction.
Are not you mov'd, my Lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.

* A *black dye* being uſed in too great quantity, doth not only make the cloth to rot upon which it is put, but the colour itſelf to fade and grow muſty much the ſooner.

How

How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs! and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole!—My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter:
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all.
He makes a July's day ſhort as December:
And, with his varying childneſs, cures in m
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.

Leo. So ſtands this ſquire
Office'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. Hermione,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome.
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will ſeek us,
We are your's i' th' garden: ſhall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky. I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Exeunt* Polix. Her. *and attendants.*
[*Manent* Leo. Mam. *and* Cam.
To her allowing huſband. Gone already,

Inch-

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears, a fork'd one.
Go play, boy, play——thy mother plays and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrace'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play—there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluice'd in's abſence;
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile his neighbour; nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will. Should all deſpair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſic for't, there is none.
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it*.
Many a thouſand of's have the diſeaſe, and feel't not.
How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you they ſay.

Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius——thou'rt an honeſt man.

[*Exit* Mamillius.

SCENE III.

Camillo, this Great Sir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Did'ſt not it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions made;
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?

* ——— think it.
From eaſt, weſt north, and ſouth, be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage,
Many a thouſand, &c.

They're

They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding *;
Sicilia is a ſo-forth 'tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How cam't, Camillo,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queen's intreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't: good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower meſſes,
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my Lord? I think moſt underſtand
Bithynia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfy your Highneſs, and th' intreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo. Satisfy
Th' intreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatisfy?
Let that ſuffice. I've truſted thee, Camillo,
With all the things neareſt my heart; as well
My chamber-counſels, wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom. I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord——

Leo. To bide upon't.——Thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward,
Which boxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful.
In ev'ry one of theſe no man is free,

* i. e. *rounding in the ear*; a phraſe in uſe at that time.

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my Lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly: if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt. Theſe, my Lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you ſeen, Camillo,
(But that's paſt doubt you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horns), or heard,
(For to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute), or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man that does not think it),
My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt, confeſs;
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought), then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe, deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't and juſtify't.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign Miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty); horſing foot and foot?
Sculking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the moon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,

That would, unſeen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing.
The covering ſky is nothing, Bithynia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is; you lye, you lye.
I ſay thou lyeſt, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave,
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both; were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck; *Bithynia*, who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,
How I am gall'd;) thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion,
But with a ling'ring dram that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread Miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.—Make't thy queſtion, and go
Do'ſt think I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled, [rot:
To appoint myſelf in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
(Which to preſerve is ſleep; which being ſpotted,

Is

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps):
Give ſcandal to the blood o' th' Prince, my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this!
Could man ſo blench?

Cam. I muſt believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off Bithynia for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as your's at firſt,
Even for your ſon's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allay'd to your's.

Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with Bithynia,
And with your Queen. I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable Lady! but, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't; but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany itſelf forſwear't, I muſt
Forſake the court; to do't or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar reign now!
Here comes Bithynia.

SCENE IV.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?—
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, Moſt royal Sir!
Pol. What is the news i' th' court;
Cam. None rare, my Lord.
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd as he love's himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.
Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good Camillo.
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine change'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.
Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How caught it of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk.
I've look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but killed none ſo. Camillo,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experience'd, (which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs * we are gentle), I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge

* *i. e.* ſucceſſion.

Thereof

Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not anſwer.
Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine), that thou declare,
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.
Since I am charge'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my counſel;
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't *, that you have touch'd his Queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. Oh, then, my beſt blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the greateſt infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear this though over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake,

* *i. e.* to draw, perſuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *Tempter* to evil.

The fabric of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.
Pol. How ſhould this grow?
Cam. I know not; but I'm ſure 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lies incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will by twoes and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o' th' city. For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;
Thereon his execution ſworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.— This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen's; part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! Come, Camillo,
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and Ladies.*

Her. TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill; I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And, why ſo, my Lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are black; yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of womens' faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen your mother rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince
One of theſe days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk, (good time encounter her!)

Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter.
I have one of ſprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt

To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man ——
Her. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; ——— I will tell it [ſoftly:
Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then and giv't me in mine ear.

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords.*

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.
Leo. How bleſs'd am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd
In being ſo bleſs'd? " there may be in the cup
" A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
" And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
" Is not infected: but if one preſent
" The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
" how he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
" With violent hefts. —— I have drunk and ſeen the ſpider. ———
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true that is miſtruſted: that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing*; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the poſterns
So eaſily open!
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy; I'm glad you did not nurſe him:

* Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the vulgar concerning thoſe who were inchanted, and faſtened to the ſpot, by charms ſuperior to their own.

Tho'

Tho' he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.———

Her. What is this? ſport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with: for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not;
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er ye lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, ſhe is a goodly lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deſerves high ſpeech), and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha,—(theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe: oh, I am out,——
That mercy do's; for calumny will fear
Virtue itſelf); theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,
From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adult'reſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my Lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees;
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.——I have ſaid,
She's an adult'reſs; I have ſaid with whom:
More; ſhe's a traitor, and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe

That

That vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.
Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.
Leo. No, if I miſtake
In theſe foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:
He who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.
Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodge'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all, my Lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's will be perform'd?
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beſeech your
My women may be with me; for you ſee [Highneſs,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord,
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall. My women,—come, you've leave.
Leo. Go, do your bidding; hence.
[*Exit Queen guarded, and Ladies.*
Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your Queen, your ſon.
Lord. For her, my Lord,

I dare

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I' th' eyes of Heaven, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuſe her.
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtable-ſtand * where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and ſee, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord, —
Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-dam him. Be ſhe honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations; they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe; no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
[*Laying hold of his arm.*
The inſtruments that feel.
Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,

* *Stable-ſtand* is a term of the foreſt laws, and ſignifies a place where a deer ſtealer fixes his ſtand, and keeps watch for the purpoſe of killing deer as they paſs by. From the place it came to be applied alſo to the perſon, and any man taken in a foreſt in that ſituation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was preſumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *ſtable ſtand*.

Upon

Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? our prerogative
Calls not our counſels, but your natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in ſkill) cannot, or will not,
Reliſh a truth like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation *
But only ſeeing; all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed), doth puſh on this proceeding,
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild), I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd,
Leſt that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,

* *Approbation* here ſignifies *proof.*

We are to ſpeak in public; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.
Ant. To laughter, as I take it, [*Aſide.*
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to a priſon.*

Enter Paulina, *and a Gentleman, with other attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the priſon, call to him.
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon? Now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then
Conduct me to the Queen.
Gao. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have expreſs commandment.
Paul. Here's ado to lock up honeſty and honour from
Th' acceſs of gentle viſitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To ſee her women? any of them? Æmilia?
Gao. So pleaſe you, Madam,
To put apart theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring Æmilia forth.
Paul. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt Gent.* &c.
Gao. And, Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.
Paul. Well; be it ſo, pr'ythee.

Enter Æmilia.

Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Æmil. As well as one ſo great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),

She is ſomething before her time deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Æmil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't; ſays, My poor priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be ſworn.
Theſe dangerous, unſafe lunes i'th' King! beſhrew them,
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth, let my tongue bliſter,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, Æmilia,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen;
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften to at the ſight o' th' child.
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.
Æmil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Pleaſe your Ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.
Paul. Tell her, Æmilia,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
Æmil. Now be you bleſs'd for it!
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.
Gaol. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur to paſs it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence

Free'd

Free'd and infranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.
Gao. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords, and other attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt; — it is but weak-
To bear the matter thus: mere weakneſs, if [neſs
The cauſe were not in being: part o' th' cauſe,
She, the adult'reſs; for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an attendant.

Atten. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Atten. He took good reſt to-night; 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſs is diſcharge'd.
Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
[*Exit attendant.*
See how he fares.—Fie, fie, no thought of him.—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow.
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe within my power.

SCENE V. *Enter* Paulina, *with a child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather, good my Lords, be ſecond to me.
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
Atten. [*within*] Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Paul. Not ſo hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal as true,
Honeſt as either, to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.
Leo. What noiſe there, ho?
Paul. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your Highneſs.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious lady.——Antigonus,
I charge'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew ſhe would.
Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? can'ſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſty he can; in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour), truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.
Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor; yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,

Than

Than ſuch as moſt ſeem your's. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.
Leo. Good Queen?
Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I ſay, good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, on th' worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But firſt I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! hence with her, out o'door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not ſo;
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In ſo intitling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard.
[*To* Antigonus.
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooſted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay give't to thy croan.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the Princeſs, by that forced * baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children your's.
Leo. A neſt of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here; and that's himſelf. For he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his Queen's,

* *Forced*, for *unnatural.*

His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or ſtone was found.

Leo. A callat
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me! ——This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is your's;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my Lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his ſmiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddeſs Nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's.

Leo. A groſs hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the huſbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burn's in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hinge'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,

Yea,

Yea, ſcandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis your s; Jove ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit! What need theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo:
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir;
Theſe Lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can; my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're lyars all.

Lords 'Beſeech your higneſs, give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompenſe of our dear ſervices
Paſt and to come), that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel——

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel,
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:

It ſhall not neither.——You, Sir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus.
You that have been ſo tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey), what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy), to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where chance may nurſe or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this; tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! Wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require; and bleſſing,
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide!
Poor thing condemn'd to loſs.——
[*Exit with the child.*

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to th' oracle, are come
An hour ſince. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to th' court.

Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: this good ſpeed fortels,
The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, Lords.
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal Lady; for as ſhe hath
Been publicly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A part of Sicily, near the ſea-ſide.

Enter Cleomenes, *and* Dion.

Cleo. THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the iſle *, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

Dion. It ſhames report.
Foremoſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks I ſo ſhould term them), and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice ——
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burſt

* But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an iſland, but in Rhocis, on the continent. Either Shakeſpear, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an iſland of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakeſpear wrote,

Fertile the ſoil.——————

which is more elegant too, than the preſent reading. Mr. *Warburton.*

And

And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, ſo ſurpris'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen O be't ſo!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The uſe is worth the time on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to th' beſt? theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the buſineſs! when the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine ſeal'd up),
Shall the contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Go; freſh horſes:
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Repreſents a court of Juſtice.*

Leontes, *Lords, and Officers, appear properly ſeated.*

Leo. This ſeſſion, (to our great grief we pronounce),
Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd;—let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the priſoner.——

Off. It is his Highneſs' pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon here in court. Silence!

Hermione *is brought in, guarded;* Paulina *and Ladies attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Off. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bithynia, and conſpiring with Camillo to take away the life of our Sovereign Lord the King, thy royal huſband; the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true

true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falſehood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, " and tyranny
" Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would ſpare; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, Fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gainſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her.

Her. More than miſtreſs of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was your's. Now for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honeſt man;
And why he left your court, the gods themſelves
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not;
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams.
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—as you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo), ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it), ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence

I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
(Starr'd moſt unluckily), is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet with immodeſt hatred;
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion: laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i' th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my Liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not; no life,——
I prize it not a ſtraw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes, (all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake), I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

SCENE III. *Enter* Dion *and* Cleomenes.

Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Ruſſia was my father
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Off. You here ſhall ſwear upon the ſword of juſtice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's prieſt; and that ſince then
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leo. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Off. Hermione is chaſte, Polixenes blameleſs, Camillo a true ſubject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King ſhall live without an heir, if that which is loſt be not found.

Lords. Now, bleſſed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praiſed!
Leo. Haſt thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my Lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.
Leo. There is no truth at all i' th' oracle;
The ſeſſion ſhall proceed; this is mere falſehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord the King, the King,——
Leo. What is the buſineſs?
Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's ſpeed, is gone.
Leo. How gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heav'n's themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice.——How now, there?
[Her. *faints.*
Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And ſee what death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharge'd; ſhe will recover.
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and Ladies with* Hermione.

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon
My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my Queen, recal the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.
For being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My ſwift command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour) to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour; how he gliſters
Through my dark ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V. *Enter* Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O cut my lace, leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too.——
Lord. What fit is this, good Lady?
Paul. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
burning
In leads or oils? what old or new torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealouſies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine)! O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; ſtark mad, for all
Thy bygone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhew thee off, a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſoned good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king: poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by; whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; though a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't
Nor is't directly laid to thee the death
Of the young prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleſt the heart,
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh ſire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer: but the laſt, O Lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, Woe! the Queen, the Queen,
The ſweeteſt, deareſt creature's dead; and vengeance
Not dropt down yet. [for't
Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I ſay, ſhe's dead: I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the gods. 'But, O thou tyrant!
'Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
'Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
'To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
'Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
'Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
'In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
'To look that way thou wert.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.
Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I' th' boldneſs of your ſpeech.
Paul. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!——
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is loſt too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.
Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon;
One grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie, and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature

Will

Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come, and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bithynia. A deſart country; the ſea at a little diſtance.

Enter Antigonus *with a child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſarts of Bithynia?

Mar. Ay, my Lord? and fear,
We've landed in ill-time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i' th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be ſo rid o' th' buſineſs. *Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again; if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. Good Antigonus,
Since fate againſt thy better diſpoſition,

Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bithynia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife Paulina more.——And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf, and thought
This was ſooth, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of King Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
There lie, and there thy character: there theſe
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins;——Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow. (Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurs'd am I
To be by oath injoin'd to this). Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heav'ns ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! this is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

SCENE VII. *Enter an old Shepherd.*

Shep. "I would there were no age between ten and "three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the "reſt: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting "wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſteal-"ing, fighting——hark you now!——would any "but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and "twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcar'd away "two of my beſt ſheep, which I fear the wolf will "ſooner

" ſooner find than the maſter; if any where I have " them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of ivy. Good " luck, an't be thy will! What have we here? [*Ta-* " *king up the child.*] Mercy on's, a bearn! a very " pretty bearn! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pret- " ty one, a very pretty one; ſure ſome 'ſcape: though " I am not bookiſh, yet I can read writing gentlewo- " man in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, " ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work:" they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry till my ſon come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!——

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by land; but I am not to ſay it is a ſea; for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. " I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it " rages, how it takes up the ſhore; but that's not to " the point; oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls, " ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the " ſhip-boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon " ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork " into a hogſhead. And then for the land-ſervice— " to ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how " he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid, his name was " *Antigonus*, a Nobleman. But to make an end of the " ſhip, to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, " how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mocked them. " And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear " mock'd him; both roaring louder than the ſea, or " weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep.

Shep. 'Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ſhip-ſide to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. —— [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but look thee here, boy Now bleſs thyſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a ſquire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; ſo let's ſee: it was told me I ſhould be rich by the fairies. This is ſome changling: open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! ——

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecrecy. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten; they are never curs'd but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i' th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and well do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of *Time*,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, and leave the gulf untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one ſelf-born hour

To

To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair Bithynia; and remember well,
I mention here a ſon o' th' King's whom *Florizel*
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not propheſy. But let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly you never may. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Court of Bithynia.

Enter Polixenes, *and* Camillo.

Pol. I Pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me; to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, Camillo, wipe not out the reſt

reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot), to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the reaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee, ſpeak no more; whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and children are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (miſſing him) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, Camillo, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe a part of my intelligence; but I fear, the angle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt Camillo—we muſt diſguiſe ourſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the country.*

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

When daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then come in the ſweet o' th' year;
'Fore the red blood reins-in the winter pale.
The white ſheet bleeching on the hedge,
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my progging tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a King.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer-ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffic is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under Mercury *, who, as I am, was likewiſe a ſnapper-

* The alluſion, and the whole ſpeech is taken from Lucian: who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from ſeveral places of his works. It is from his diſcourſe on judicial aſtrology, where Autolicus talks much in the ſame manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the ſon of Mercury by the ancients, namely, becauſe he was born under that planet. And as the infant was ſuppoſed by the aſtrologers to communicate of the nature of the ſtar which predominated, ſo Autolicus was a thief. Mr. *Warburton.*

up

up of unconſider'd trifles: with die and drab I purchas'd this capariſon; and my revenue is the ſilly * cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.——A prize! a prize!

SCENE III. *Enter* Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee,—every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd ſhilling; fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the cock's mine.——

[*Aſide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt, three pound of ſugar, five pound of currants, rice ——— what will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſegays for the ſhearers; three-man ſong-men † all, and very good ones, but they are moſt of them means and baſes; but one Puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden-pies, mace——dates——none——that's out of my note: nutmegs, ſeven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o'th' ſun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me———

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off theſe rags, and then death, death ———

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the lothſomneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

* *Silly* is uſed by the writers of our author's time, for ſimple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the ſpeech conſiſts.

† Meaning thoſe who ſing catches which are generally in three parts.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſeman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, ſweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſeman's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir; no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going, I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. "A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go "about with trol-my-dames*: I knew him once a "ſervant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for "which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly "whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. "His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue "whipp'd out of the court; they cheriſh it to make it "ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this man well; "he hath been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs-"ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion† of the

* Trou-madame, French. The game of nine-holes.

† *i. e.* the *pupet ſhew*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.

" prodigal ſon, and married a tinker's wife within a " mile where my land and living lies; and, having " flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only " in a rogue;" ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—— he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bithynia; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can ſtand and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-face'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewel, I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir! Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue! †

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtyle-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The proſpect of a ſhepherd's cote.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs, but Flora

† Begging gipſies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had ſomething of the ſhew of an incorporated body.

Pecring

Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
Oh pardon that I name them! your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cauſe!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look to ſee his work ſo noble,
Vildly bound up! what would he ſay! or how
Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence!

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' power o' th' King.
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,

Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this pur-
Or I my life. [poſe,

Flo. Thou deareſt Perdita,
With theſe force'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feaſt. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay *No.* Be merry, (Gentle),
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*

Flo. See, your gueſts approach;
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. " Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
" This day ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook,
" Both dame and ſervant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
" Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here
" At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;
" On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o' fire
" With labour; and the thing ſhe took to quench it,
" She would to each one ſip." You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent yourſelf,
That which you are, miſtreſs o' th' feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Pol. *and* Cam.
It is my father's will I ſhould take on me

The

The hoſteſsſhip o' th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas—Reverend Sirs,
" For you there's roſemary and rue, theſe keep
" Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
" Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
" And welcome to our ſhearing!
Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. " Sir, the year growing ancient,
" Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
" Of trembling winter, the faireſt flowers o' th' ſeaſon
" Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
" Which ſome call Nature's baſtards: of that kind
" Our ruſtic garden's barren, and I care not
" To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. " For I have heard it ſaid,
" There is an art which in their piedneſs ſhares
" With great creating Nature.
Pol. Say, there be;
" Yet nature is made better by no mean,
" But nature makes that mean; ſo over that art,
" Which you ſay adds to Nature, is an art
" That nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
" A gentle ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
" And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
" By bud of nobler race. This is an art
" Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
" The art itſelf is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them baſtards.
Per. " I'll not put
" The dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
" No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
" This youth ſhould ſay, 'Twere well; and only there-
" fore
" Deſire to breed by me.——Here's flowers for you;
" Hot lavender, mints, ſavoury, marjoram,
" The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,

" And with him riſes, weeping: theſe are flowers
" Of middle ſummer, and I think, they are given
" To men of middle age." Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave graſing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. " Out, alas!
" You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January
" Would blow you through and through. Now, my
" faireſt friend,
" I would I had ſome flowers o' th' ſpring, that might
" Become your time of day; and your's, and your's,
" That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
" Your maiden-heads growing: O Proſerpina,
" For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
" From Dis's waggon! daffadils,
" That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
" The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
" But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
" Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
" That die unmarried, ere they can behold
" Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength, (a malady
" Moſt incident to maids); gold oxlips, and
" The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
" The flower-de-lis being one. O theſe I lack
" To make you garlands of, and, my ſweet friend,
" To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarſe; or if,—— not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſund' paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, (ſweet),
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o' th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function. Each your doing,

So

So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly thro' it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think you have
As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita; ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. "This is the prettieſt low-born laſs that ever
"Ran on the green ford; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out: good ſooth, ſhe is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs; marry, garlic to mend her kiſſing with ——

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners; come, ſtrike up.

Here a dance of ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy breeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays he loves my daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep.

Shep. She does any thing, though I report it
That ſhould be ſilent; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. O Maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you. He ſings ſeveral tunes faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids, ſo without bawdry, (which is ſtrange), with ſuch delicate burthens of dildo's and fa-ding's: jump her, and thump her: and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Sir. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bithynia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns; why, he ſings them over, as they were gods and goddeſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-band, and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr ythee bring him in; and let him approach, ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes,
Maſks for faces and for noſes;
Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry.
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being inthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they ſhould wear their faces? is there no milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'tis well they are whiſp'ring: clamour your tongues*, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

* The phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtrokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them.

Clo.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's wife was brought to-bed with twenty-money-bags at a burthen; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Miſtreſs *Tale-porter*, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fiſh that appear'd upon the coaſt, on Wedneſday the fourſcore of April, forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids. It was thought ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it, and witneſſes more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.——

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither.*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to the grange, or mill.*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill.*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What? neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be.*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay, whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves. My father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the firſt choice: follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cap,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And ſilk, and thread, and toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the pedlar; money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens' ware-a.

[*Exe.* Clown, Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

SCENE VII. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Maſter, there are three carters, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds, that have

have made themſelves all men of hair *; they call themſelves *ſaltiers*; and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallymaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o' th' mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling), it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: pray, let's ſee theſe four threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath dance'd before the king; and not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' ſquare.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a dance of twelve ſatyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them;
He's ſimple, and tells much.——How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that doth take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks. I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are.
The gifts ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir; who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,

* *i. e.* nimble, that leap as if they rebounded. The phraſe is taken from *tennis-balls*, which were ſtuffed with hair.

As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, " or the fann'd ſnow
" That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand was fair before! I've put you out;
But to your proteſtation: let me hear
What you profeſs.
Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch
Thereof moſt worthy, were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I' th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, your's.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reaſon, my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He ſhall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No; he muſt not.
Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he muſt not.
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe
To be acknowledge'd. Thou a ſceptre's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I'm ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with——
Shep. O my heart!

Pol.

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far' than Deucalion off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, inchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Per. Even here undone.
" I was not much afraid; for once or twice
" I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
" The ſelf-ſame ſun that ſhines upon his court,
" Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
" Looks on alike.—Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone.
[*To* Florizel.
I told you what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,
" Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
" But milk my ewes, and weep."
Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak ere thou dieſt.
Shep. I cannot ſpeak nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir,
[*To* Florizel.
" You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
" That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
" To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
" To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones: but now
" Some hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me,

" Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. O curſed wretch!
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*To* Perdita. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him); and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear,
Then, till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, Camillo ——

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o' th' earth together
And mar the ſeeds within! — Lift up thy looks! ——
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be adviſ'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy, if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. Camillo,
Not for Bithynia, nor the pomp that may

Be

Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I breath my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more), caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; let myſelf and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita——
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Camillo.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Reſolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy King, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſſes, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i' th' love
That I have borne your father.

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſic
To ſpeak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King,
And through him what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my direction,

If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration; on mine honour
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your Highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heav'ns foreſend!) your ruin. Marry her;
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontented father I'll ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after that truſt to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me.
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia;
And there preſent yourſelf and your fair princeſs
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore Leontes:
She ſhall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I ſee
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: aſks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i' th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,

Things

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors, who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loath to be: beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' th' rear o' our birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll bluſh you thanks.

Flo. My prettieſt Perdita——
But, oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! Camillo,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our houſe! how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like Bithynia's ſon,
Nor ſhall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if

The

The ſcene you play were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.—
[*They talk aſide.*

SCENE X.

Enter Autolicus,

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Flor. *and* Perd. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there,
So ſoon as you arrive ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from King Leontes. ———

Cam. Shall ſatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autol.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut.

Aut. If they have overheard me now; why, hanging. [*Aſide.*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's no body will ſteal that from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think there's neceſſity in't), and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.—(I know you well enough). [*Aſide.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half-ſtead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir?----(I ſmell the trick on't). [*Aſide.*

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate miſtreſs! (let my prophecy
Come home to ye); you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows: muffle your face,
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy ——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come, Lady, come: farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King [*Aſide*

Of

Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail
To force him after; in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to th' ſea-ſide.

[*Exit* Flor. *with* Per.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I heard it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th' other ſenſes. I ſee this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot? what a boot is here with this exchange? Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide,—here's more matter for a hot-brain; every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, ſee, what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a changling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the king; and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her, thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her; this being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his

his ſon's pranks too; " who, I may ſay, is no honeſt " man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about " to make me the King's brother-in-law."

Clo. " Indeed, brother-in-law was the fartheſt off " you could have been to him; and then your blood " had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce."

Aut. Very wiſely, puppies: [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement *. How now, ruſtiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, an it like your Worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lye; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lye; but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do give us the lye.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seeſt thou not the air of the court in theſe infoldings? hath not my gate in it the meaſure of the court? receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier Cap-a-pè; and one that will either puſh on or pluck back thy buſineſs there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

* Meaning his falſe beard.

Shep.

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court word for a pheaſant; ſay you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheaſant cock nor hen.

Aut. " How bleſs'd are we that are not ſimple men!
" Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are;
" Therefore I will not diſdain."

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

Clo. " He ſeems to be the more noble in being fan-
" taſtical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the
" picking on's teeth."

Aut. The farthel there; what's i' th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this farthel and box, which none muſt know but the King; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling-rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace? Some ſay he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I. Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aquavitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims), ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me (for you ſeem to be honeſt, plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf; and if it be in man beſides the King to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; "and though authority be a "ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with "gold;" ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ſton'd, and flay'd alive. ——

Shep. An't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have, I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. "In ſome ſort, Sir: but though my caſe be a "pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter: we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the ſea-

ſide, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shep. *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee Fortune would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the Prince my maſter good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

Cle. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
More penitence than done treſpaſs. At the laſt,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion that ever man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord.
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman, ſhe you kill'd
Would be uparallel'd.

Leo.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
Kill'd? ſhe I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.
Cle. Not at all, good Lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grace'd
Your kindneſs better.
Paul. You are one of thoſe
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers by his Highneſs' fail of iſſue
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen? This will.
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of Majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine Apollo ſaid,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes ſhall not have an heir,
Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my Antigonous to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel
My Lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To the King.*
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.
Leo. Good Paulina,
Who haſt the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour; O, that ever I

Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaſure from her lips!

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch wives, therefore no wife; one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corpſe; and on this ſtage
(Where we offend her now) appear ſoul-vex'd,
And begin, Why to me?——

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I ſhould ſo.
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her; then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals: fear thou no wife.
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!

Paul. Then, good my Lords, bear witneſs to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unleſs another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.

Paul. Yet, if my Lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We ſhall not marry till thou bid'ſt us.

Paul.

Paul. That
Shall be when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

SCENE II. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. One that gives out himſelf Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his Princeſs, (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld), deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs; his approach,
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but force'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
Leo. His Princeſs, ſay you, with him?
Gent. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.
Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better gone; ſo muſt thy grave *
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo: but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; *ſhe had not been,*
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you've ſeen a better.
Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon);
The other when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe, make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.
Leo. Go, Clomenes;
Yourſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd friends)

* *Grave* for *epitaph.*

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, *and others.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
As you fair Princeſs, goddeſs!——Oh! alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have ſtood begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I loſt
(All mine own folly!) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a King (as friend)
Can ſend his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me ſay ſo, more than all the ſceptres,
And thoſe that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee ſtir
Afreſh

Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is th' ſpring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much leſs
Th' adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd Lord is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt Royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A proſp'rous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your Highneſs; my beſt train
I have from your Sicilian ſhores diſmiſs'd,
Who for Bithynia bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in Libya, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſueleſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

SCENE IV. *Enter a Lord.*

Lord. Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo high. Pleaſe you, great Sir,
Bithynia greets you from himſelf, by me;
Deſires you to attach his ſon, who has
His dignity and duty both caſt off,

Fled

Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.
Leo. Where's Bithynia? ſpeak.
Lord. Here in your city. I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage: to your court
Whilſt he was haſt'ning, in the chace, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour and whoſe honeſty till now
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge;
He's with the King your father.
Leo. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, Sir, I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the earth,
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak.
Bithynia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leo. You are marry'd?
Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King!
Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.
Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in birth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though Fortune, viſible an enemy,

Should

Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. 'Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my Lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Near the court in Sicilia.*

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. 'Beſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo, were very notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if th' im-

th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonefires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's ſteward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion. Has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance. That which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione—her jewel about the neck of it—— the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character,—— the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother,——the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding,—— and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, Oh, thy mother, thy mother! then aſks Bithynia forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old ſhepherd, who ſtands by, " like a weather-beaten conduit of many

" Kings'

" Kings' reigns." I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill which will have matter to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much to juſtify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her huſband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter; till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *Alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for I am ſure my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble, there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of Paulina; a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian maſter Julio Romano; who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile

guile Nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape; he ſo near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of Hermione, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be), who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

SCENE VI. *Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. " You are well met, Sir. You denied to fight " with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman " born: ſee you theſe cloaths? ſay, you ſee them not, " and think me ſtill no gentleman born. You were " beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentleman born. Give " me the lye; do, and try whether I am not now a " gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princeſs my ſiſter, call'd my father, father, and ſo we wept; " and there was the firſt gentleman-like " tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my maſter.

Shep. Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good Worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in Bithynia.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it; and I would thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the Queen's picture. Come follow us: we'll be thy good maſters.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Paulina's houſe.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, ſovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.
Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content,
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.
Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excells whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely apart. But here it is; prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death; behold, and ſay, 'tis well.
[Paulina *draws a curtain and diſcovers* Hermione *ſtanding like a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder; but yet ſpeak, firſt you, my Liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?
Leo. Her natural poſture!
Chide me, dear ſtone, that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this ſeems.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,

Which

Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years; and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood;
Even with ſuch life of Majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands), when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? Oh, royal piece!
There's magic in thy majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not ſay 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.——Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.

Paul. O, patience;——
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine),
I'd not have ſhew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your fancy
May think anon it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already——
What was he that did make it? ſee, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
Leo. The fiſſure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My Lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon it lives.
Leo. O ſweet Paulina,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together:
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.
Paul. I'm ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath! Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel, or reſolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand. But then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear: for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then, all ſtand ſtill:
And thoſe that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;

No

No foot ſhall ſtir.

Paul. Muſic; awake her: ſtrike; [*Muſic.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be ſtone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your numbneſs; for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive ſhe ſtirs;
[Hermione *comes down.*
Start not; her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful: do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leo. Oh, ſhe's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead.

Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing: turn, good Lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head: tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I, [found
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
Myſelf to ſee the iſſue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation

Partake to every one: "I, an old turtle,
"Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
"My mate, that's never to be found again,
"Lament till I am loſt.
Leo. O peace, Paulina:
Thou ſhouldſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine;
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable huſband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks [*To* Her.
My ill ſuſpicion: this your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King — whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.